And so offend him: for I tell you sirs,
If you should smile, he growes impatient.
Ser. Feare not my Lord we can containe our selues,
Were he the veriest anticke in the world.
Lord. Go sirra, Take them to the Butterie,
And giue them friendly welcome euery one,
Let them want nothing that my house affoords.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bartholmew my page,
And see him drest in all suites like a Ladie:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeisance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)
He bare himselfe with honorable action,
Such as he hath obseru'd in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With soft low tongue and lowly curtesie,
And say: What is't your Honor doth command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May shew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.
And then with kinde imbracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosome
Bid him shed teares, as being ouer ioyed
To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seuen yeares hath esteemed him
No better then a poore and loathsome begger:
And if the boy haue not a womans guift
To raine a shower of commanded teares,
An Onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a Napkin (being close-conuei'd)
Shall in despight enforce a waterie eie:
See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst,
Anon Ile giue thee more instructions.

Exit a seruingman.

I know the boy will wel vsurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:

I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselues from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant,
Ile in to counsell them: haply my presence
May well abate the ouer-merrie spleene,
Which otherwise would grow into extreames.

Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, some with apparel, Bason and Ewer, & other appurtenances, & Lord.

Beg. For Gods sake a pot of small Ale.
1 *Ser.* Wilt please your Lordship drinke a cup of sacke?
2 *Ser.* Wilt please your Honor taste of these Conserues?
3. *Ser.* What raiment will your honor weare to day.
Beg. I am *Christophero Sly*, call not mee Honor nor Lordship: I ne're dranke sacke in my life: and if you giue me any Conserues, giue mee conserues of Beefe: nere ask me what raiment Ile weare, for I haue no more doublets then Backes: no more stockings then legges: nor no more shooes then feet, nay sometime more feet then shooes, or such shooes as my toes looke through the ouer leather.
Lord. Heauen cease this idle humor in your Honor.
Oh that a mightie man of such discent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteeme
Should be infused with so foule a spirit.
Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I *Christopher Slie*, old *Slies* sonne of Burton heath by byrth a Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a Beare-heard, and now by present profession a Tinker. Aske *Marrian Hacket* the fat Alewife of Wincot, if shee know me not: if she say I am not xiiii. d. on the score for sheere Ale; score mee vp for the lyingst knaue in Christendome. What I am not bestraught: here's
3. *Man.* Oh this it is that makes your Ladie mourne.
2 *Mar.* Oh this is it that makes your seruants droop.
Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns your house
As beaten hence by your strange Lunacie.
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abiect lowlie dreames:
Looke how thy seruants do attend on thee,

Each